

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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THE STORY TELLER.

From the Mother's Assistant.

"Saw Up and Saw Down."

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

"We must have some new furniture, and that soon," said a gentleman, taking a leisurely survey of the parlors, one morning, toothpick in hand. "I have been looking at our cousin Madison's—very fine, theirs; really, ours begins to look shabby, arish-like."

"How, father?" asked one of the three boys who followed him in the survey.

"Arish, my son; it looks as if it were from the ark; quite out of date; we must have now!"

"Not for the present, my dear," observed a lady, rising from the breakfast-table, and following on; "this will answer for some time to come; it is hardly ten years old, and you know how handsome it was considered then?"

"Yes, and do you remember how chicken-hearted you were—afraid it was beyond our means?" said the gentleman, chuckling; "but it looks old now—out of date, at least—beside our cousin Madison's."

"Why make any one our standard?" asked the wife. "Look at these three boys to provide for, as she patted Phil's early patte."

"Ah, we'll look out for them—time enough for that," he replied, as he complacently surveyed them. "But we must not be snug; something is due to our station" upon which he drew himself up, a little pompously perhaps.

"Yes, to support it with sufficient economy to lay up something for rainy days."

"Your rainy days, Jane! the weather will take care of itself," he said, good-naturedly, going out of the room; then thrusting his head into the door, added, "I will send the porter up with those things, if he is not too busy."

"Let the boys go, my dear," besought the lady; "here are Madison and Philip, who would give all the world for something to do."

"Yes, mother! yes, mother! let us go!" shouted the two.

"No, no; let the porter do those things; cousin Madison's boys—"

"Must not patterns for ours," playfully interrupted the wife, placing her hand on his mouth.

"Do you think it best for the boys to go? they can't bring it."

"Yes, farther yes! let us try! there's nothing like trying, mother says," eagerly declared the two.

"One mother is for your working; well, perhaps it is best, under all circumstances. Come with me; and so from his handsome parlors departed Mr. Philip K. my father, a rich merchant as the world reputed him, with his two eldest, Philip and Madison—pale, slender boys, often and eight years.

Some time passes away; and although the subject of new furniture was frequently brought up, and cousin Madison Jones's sufficiently commented upon, yet my mother never cordially assented to its being bought; not needing it, to her was synonymous with not buying it.

At length, a few days before Thanksgiving, a rocking-chair, in the newest and easiest style of twenty-five years ago, entered the front door, the precursor of a handsome set of furniture for the parlors. Our mother looked at it somewhat ungraciously, and drowned our exclamations by her silence. At dinner when our father appeared, he threw himself into the new rocking-chair, saying, "Ah! Jane, this is just what I want this minute. I am shockingly tired."

My mother's head dropped upon the pillow, and she sobbed in agony. It was the chamber of death. I clung to her knee. "Mother dear mother!" I whispered, something between joy and sorrow and terror; "do let me stay with you!" She looked around, then taking me up, clasped me convulsively to her bosom, while her tears scalded my cheek.

"It's all over," whined the man. My mother's head dropped upon the pillow, and she sobbed in agony. It was the chamber of death. I clung to her knee. "Mother dear mother!" I whispered, something between joy and sorrow and terror; "do let me stay with you!" She looked around, then taking me up, clasped me convulsively to her bosom, while her tears scalded my cheek.

"My poor fatherless boy! Oh God! thy will be done!" she exclaimed, as she laid her cold, wet-cheek upon my forehead. "Dear, dear mother!" I whispered, something between joy and sorrow and terror; "do let me stay with you!" She looked around, then taking me up, clasped me convulsively to her bosom, while her tears scalded my cheek.

"She says it is for the boys. What do they want of a big yard? They take care of it! They work! I never found boys good for anything yet. There are my four boys; of what use are they to me? All they want is to be waited upon. She has missed it, or I am mistaken; but women must have their own way."

"Women have no judgment!" So commented our cousin, Mr. Madison Jones, unheeding the little lame boy, who devoured every word he said.

By-and-by my mother appeared. Cousin Madison's opinions were not long concealed—That big yard Jane! that's going to be a trouble

world to do when I begged a story, or my squares wanted basting. You see I have not forgot the technicalities of sewing, despite the love of the musty law-books which lined my office.

Three weary weeks—weeks of anxiety and painful solitude, and faithful devotion on my mother's part, at the sick bed—but alas! skill, or medicine, or nursing, or prayer, availed nothing. My father was sinking! Madison and Philip were suffered to roam at large—a freedom which they enjoyed to the fullest extent.

The servants went about on tiptoe, and whispered one to another. The doctor came oftener. Strange faces appeared now and then in the entry. I was left to take care of myself, until Nancy put me into the parlor, and bade me be a good boy. Soon a gentleman came in, and kindly taking me from the carpet, where I had sorrowfully laid down, placed me upon his knees, calling me "his poor little boy." Cousin Madison Jones entered, and he, so tall and big who never spoke to little children, patted me on the arm, saying, "Ah! poor little fellow, I can't realize it—no, no!" and then he suffered me to take in my own hand his cane—his Brazilian cane, with a dog's head carved upon the knob; the cane which he had forbidden me even to touch. The cane pleased me but for a moment; then I looked up into their faces to learn wherefore this tenderness. I felt it meant something, a sad something, and instinctively called for my mother.

"Poor little fellow, your mother can't come to you," said the gentleman, gently laying my head upon his bosom.

"I wish I could see my mother," I whispered, with a choking in my throat.

"Your mother, child! no! Don't ask for your mother; she don't want to see you," declared Mr. Madison Jones, stopping in his walk across the room, with a stern and chiding look. Notwithstanding the choking in the throat, and a blur on the eyes, I resolutely rubbed my little thin hands across my eyes, and said rapidly to myself, "I must try to be a man's mother; I must not cry—no, Johnny must not cry!" It was a hard struggle, but Johnny did not cry; he laid patiently and sorrowfully in the gentleman's arms.

It was not long before Mr. Madison Jones, who administered on the estate, began to utter short and significant growls, that "things were no better than they should be; that it was just he always said; Philip lived too fast; yes, he knew from the first how it would be; his family would be left poor—left to come upon their friends." Cousin Madison was famous for foretelling results when they appeared; it is not every one who is thus gifted.

At last it came out naked enough that my father was a bankrupt. We were poor absolutely poor, but from a small sum left by my mother, and secured to her in marriage contract. Its interests had never been touched, and so it amounted to something, but little enough upon which to bring up three boys. Rich relations we had but one, Mr. Madison Jones, and he only a cousin, who prided himself upon his money and valued other people by the same standard.

And now what was my mother to do? The moment she ascertained the actual state of things she began to act. Would she open a boardinghouse—that genteel and uncertain alternative for poor gentlewomen? If possible, no; her time must be given to her boys.

Did she move into the quarters of that small tenement in a back street, behind cousin Madison's, and take in sewing, letting her eldest live half of his time at his namesake's and sending the youngest to his grandfather's; or could she not so manage as to keep them all with her?

'That neighborhood is so bad for the boys; and besides there is no yard for them to work in,' argued my mother.

"A yard! what do you want a yard for?" asked cousin Madison, testily.

"Then they can play a great deal with our boys, and often take their meals with us; every little helps," added Mrs. Cousin Madison. My mother thanked her, but inwardly begged to be excused from too great an amalgamation of the boys. She said she would take time to think, and endeavor to place herself in a situation for the best good of her sons.

Besides us, in four months time, at home in a village, five miles from—, a village of which my mother knew very little, except its neat, well-ordered appearance, and its excellent clergyman. A cottage presents truly our dwelling. It was a simple one-story house that had been yellow—somewhat unprepossessing without, perhaps, but within it had two nice chambers in the attic, a pleasant sitting room, bed room and kitchen. Its chief attraction to my mother was a small barn and a large yard, a part of which behind the house seems to have been the remains of a garden by some early occupant; straggling current bushes were discovered among the grass, and some stunted gooseberries in the corners. A small fir was on one side, and Mr. Giles's great hay-field on the other; the sparks and coals of a blacksmith's shop opposite, the blue sky above us, with the sun-rising and the sun setting all in sight, and green pastures almost within a stone's throw.

We were scarcely settled, when Mr. Madison Jones and a gentleman rode out to see us. My mother was absent, but soon to return. Meanwhile they surveyed the premises; then coming in, they sat down. I was in my little chair surrounded by playthings. Regarding me as a plaything, too, they talked freely.

"This big yard! what's it for?"

"Better taken snug little rooms in town; joined his companion.

"She says it is for the boys. What do they want of a big yard? They take care of it!

"They work! I never found boys good for anything yet. There are my four boys; of what use are they to me? All they want is to be waited upon. She has missed it, or I am mistaken; but women must have their own way."

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to you. What in the name of common sense is it for?"

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane! It will be nothing but expense; gardens cost, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine!" I dare say she did, as I venture to say she had many times before, which fortified her in her present position.

"We had been at our new home quite a fortnight, when our eldest came to us. He had been at Mr. Madison Jones's nearly ever since our father's death, somewhat against my mother's better judgment, which unavoidable circumstances seemed for a time to control. It was a chilly April twilight when he arrived.

"My mother ran to welcome him, and 'Oh Mad'dy!' shouted forth my lips; but Mad'dy walked unmoved in, and, placing himself back to the fire, and his cap in his hand, took his first impression. Our little sitting-room certainly looked the picture of comfort; a neat book-case reflected a bright blaze from the opposite side of the room—a table with a green cloth occupied the centre—and a few valuable,

rescued from the sale, adorned the room. Madison did not seem to know whether to suffer himself to be pleased or not.

"Where is Phil?" he asked in low tones.

"Finished splitting and piling my wood," answered Phil.

"Do you split and pile?"

"Yes, I hope so," answered Phil, as if he had always done it.

"I shan't," declared Madison, with an ungraciousness altogether uncalled for.

"Then you don't belong to our hire," said Phil, stoutly, as he laid on the log.

"You may go back to Mr. Jones's." My mother was preparing tea. "I shan't like here, I know Ishan't," said Madison again, after a pause; "it is not a bit like cousin Madison's or our other house. Cousin Madison don't like it either."

"I like it," said Phil, because it has a barn, and such a big yard; and perhaps we shall have a cow some time or other."

"Yes, a beautiful bossy," said I, "just like Mr. Giles's."

"Who will take care of it?" asked Madison.

"You or I?" said Phil, one of us."

"Ishan't," declared Madison. "Mr. Jones's boys don't have to work. Mr. Jones says it is high time to work when we are men, that we must take all the pleasure we can, when we are young; frolic and have good times." My mother looked anxiously, but still said nothing—Philip and I, were conscious of being damped, decidedly so. At supper, Madison wished he had a taste of bread and milk, he thought people in the country always had bread and milk.

"When we have a cow, we can have a plenty," said Phil.

"And when will that be?" asked Madison, petulantly.

"Just as soon as my sons can earn a yard worth any thing," he says, laughing; "then I knew I was greater than a woodpile."

My mother neither praised nor paid him when the work was done; she left him to the first consciousness of his ability to do, and it was plain that he had the hardest struggle he ever had; the first thing he ever persevered in, but it was done!

The pile disappeared before his own resolution.

"Yes, it was the first time I ever felt myself worth any thing," he says, laughing; "then I knew I was greater than a woodpile."

My mother was waiting for us with our frugal meal. "And now I suppose you come with your first Saturday night's earnings," she said, smiling at us, through the open window. Philip soberly laid into her lap, when he entered, the money, his own and Madison's. She looked at it and asked how it thus happened. "It is too bad I'll never work again!" said Madison, after we had given her all the explanation we could, in his handkerchief still in communication with his eyes.

"And, mother, I told Mr. Giles he could saw," said I, as if an important extension had been added. There was no mistaking our mother's look, though she said nothing. She was grieved and anxious; neither pity, or condolence, or blame came from her lips.

On the next evening, Sabbath evening, as we all sat on a rude bench, Philip's hand-work, at the back side of the house, with the western sky for our picture, my mother recurred to the subject. Madison had been particularly meek, and obliging all day, and his mind, now calm, was open to reason and instruction. "My son," said she, taking his hand, and looking into his face, "do you not know that your industrious habits must be your main dependence in this world; that any character which is worth having must be earned by effort? Do you not know that it is only by patient, courageous working, that any good is gotten?" She paused. "Madison, what you undertake, you must go through with manfully. Will you lag and dally by the way, a burden to yourself and to your friends?"

"I can see," murmured he, looking pitifully down, "I like to saw."

"And do you know why?" she asked, earnestly; "it is because you have mastered the saw; you have actually conquered a wood-pile; and so conquer all difficulties; work at them until they disappear before you; then you will feel manly;

"you will know how great your power to do; then you will love to do!"

"Well I don't care. Come, let's eat our lunch; as he approached the tin pail under the apple tree. "Come, Phil, come!"

"I can't take; I don't like too," muttered Madison.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 25, 1849.

Old Series, No. 9, Volume 17.

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"Can't; said she with spirit; "will my son be conquered by a rake? What the saw could not do, shall the rake do?"

"No mother," he answered, with a decision uncommon to him, as he caught her spirit; then he added, looking down, "but I don't want to rake with Mr. Giles," etc.

"Then we shall never get our heifer; for no

body will buy Madison now Mr. Giles turns him away, and Philip dolorously, as his heifer pro-

prietary darkened.

"Now has the heifer!" echoed I, ready to cry.

There was a long pause. Madison looked as if he felt good nothing, as if his would give all the world to get out of this responsible corner. Heif-

er or no heifer, was the question, and it seemed

to depend upon him, still more upon his son—

He looked around for relief, but in the faces of

another mother or brother did relief appear;

his mother had not the money to advance, and

Philip was doing all he could.

"Take up your mind to go back and ask Mr.

Giles to try again, said our mother; "and then

Madison took hold, with a sooth heart, of the

extensive firm of "Giles & Co."

He is a younger brother of old Giles, the farmer, Madison's first

master, who now gave him as warm a welcome

as any one in the village. "Do you remember

the morning that you came back to work? But

thank your mother for that," said the old gen-

tlemen, chuckling and shaking Madison's hand

with a right hearty shake. Yes, Madison earned

the character which Mr. Giles gave him to his

city brother. Behold what it has gained for

him.

It is Monday morning, and we have just re-

turned to town. I never enter the city and my

office, after leaving Philip's without feeling myself

a better man; a more tranquil, sober, home-

loving, God-fearing man; and shall I add it,

a greater shrinking from the toils and perplexi-

ties of city life. But, "never frown," sounds in

my ear,—take hold with a stout heart, my son

of whatever lies before you; and the well-re-

membered accent of my mother's voice prompt-

me to do my duty.

But sad news awaits me. Cousin Madison

Jones is dead. He died poor, and a broken-

hearted desolate man. His sons have ruined

him. Un governed, idle and dissolute, they

have brought his grey hairs in sorrow to the

grave. The last time I saw him, it was my hap-

piness to befriend him. "Thank you! think ye?"

he exclaimed, kindly and gratefully. I could

not realize it was the proud, rich man, who was

the terror of my boyhood. "You are a de-

mon! I see your mother had the right of it,"

Jane was right; she taught you not to be afraid

of work. That big yard and barn won't do

nothing; if could live my life over again!" up-

on which he drew a deep sigh, and arose to go.

Poor cousin Madison! Ah yes! I need say

to all cousin Madisons, that we were early in

destituted,乒乓, courageously to *sue up* and

sue down! that was the secret of any

other's management, and of overcoming the

thousand obstacles to advancement and success;

which young men, without property or influ-

ential friends must, necessarily meet with in the

world of business; and if necessary for the busi-

ness of the outward, how much more for the in-

ward life, is this patient, courageous, pains-tak-

ing course? Does it not constitute that striving

which the Savior speaks of, by which, we can

also secure peace and purity, God's blessing

and heaven at last?

So ends the brief record of my friend's life.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Pocketship Duchess d'Orleans, Capt. Richard-

son, arrived at New York on Wednesday fore-

noon from Havre, whence she sailed on the 27th

March. She brings advices from Paris to the

26th, and later news from other parts of the con-

tinent, showing that the march of republicanism

is onward. We give the reports to the evening

papers—

France.—Capt. Richardson states that the

greatest excitement prevailed at Paris and Havre.

The rich were apprehensive of being killed

by the poor. The military were called out in

Havre on the 27th, for the purpose of stopping

any outrage which might take place. Large

forces continued to take place, protested in

France and the adjacent countries; but these

protests are as diverse as they are numerous.

No two are found coinciding in a single con-

nection. There is no precedent in the world's

history by which to judge the event. It stands

solitary and unparalleled among the records

of the past, and whatever may be its conse-

quences, a new chapter is destined to be ad-

ded to the experience of nations.

Revolution, not only in the political, moral

and religious, but in almost every sphere of hu-

man action, and may we not say, revolutions for

the better, distinguish this country pre-emin-

ently from its predecessors. Both land-car-

riages and water-carriages, modes of transmitting

information, the art of printing, and nearly all

the innumerable processes of manufacture, have

been revolutionized—reconstructed upon new

and more correct principles, and with results

of unbounded beneficence. No power on earth

can arrest this tendency. It widens and deep-

ens, and rolls onward with irresistible force,

sweeping governments and social institutions

from their ancient foundations, overturning all

uses and practices which do not rest upon

utility and justice.

We see these changes going on all around us,

yet we see but their beginning. That which

has already been done, grand and victorious as

it may appear, is as nothing compared with

what remains to be done. We plumb ourselves

upon present achievements, but the more favored

we will look back upon us as having hardly

commenced fulfilling the great mission of hu-

manity. He who would keep up with the im-

pressions of the age, even during his own

period, himself must work.

Another Anti-Pest Outrage.—Dep. Sheriff John H. Smith was shot and crippled for life on Saturday, near Hudson, N. York, by two men whom he recognized.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, APRIL 25, 1848.

Great doubts and fears seem to pervade many of the public prints relative to the result of the late revolutionary movements in France.

They seem to think that the French people are

by no means prepared for entire freedom of government; that the effort to bring "order out of chaos," will prove a failure; and that popular intelligence, although too much advanced to tolerate the grosser forms of arbitrary rule, is yet too limited to guarantee the higher results

of liberal legislation, and cause the people to submit quietly to a government that is founded

on order and law. Many seem to have fears

that the laboring classes will have too great a

share in the blessings of the new Republic—

blessings that they are incapable of enjoying;

this is already the cry of the aristocracy—great

fears of the common people, fears that will not

enjoy too much. From the beginning however

we have had fears of the result. But we

admit it is not well to be too sanguine.—

The change must be gradual and attended with

innumerable difficulties; but the final issue is

certain as it were already seen. The laboring

classes of Europe, and those friendly to

honest industry have begun to think, and tyran-

nies often abashed and confounded from its

strength, for a race of thoughtful men will

not bear oppression. That a crisis has come in

the political affairs of Europe, pregnant with

important consequences to mankind, none are

blind as not to perceive; and that it is looked

upon by the citizens of this country more in

hope than in apprehension—more in confidence

than in despair, is equally evident. But to predict particular results at present, baffles the

wisest sagacity. We are launched charles

and without a compass upon the boundless

ocean of speculation, and must wait patiently

for the revelations of time. Many are hazard-

ing their reputation as readers of the future, by

undertaking to trace the minute results which

must flow from the existing state of things in

France and the adjacent countries; but these

prophesies are as diverse as they are numerous.

No two are found coinciding in a single con-

nection. There is no precedent in the world's

history by which to judge the event. It stands

solitary and unparalleled among the records

of the past, and whatever may be its conse-

quences, a new chapter is destined to be ad-

dded to the experience of nations.

ACCIDENT.—A Mr. Packard from Buckfield,

while at work last Thursday blasting rocks for

Ellbridge Fobes, Esq., of this town, was severely

injured by a piece of stone striking him on the

head. He was about eight rods from the

blast, and running from it, when a piece weighing

32 pounds struck him on the upper and

right side of the head, crushing the skull and

my wealth, upon we have a dangerous &c.; and I have the reason of a part of the reason inducing population territory as Republic, or Paris, to make it control Leg-
er...—an influence as to those who these are our must. Now if it Paris and that a ter-
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A LONG TRAIN. A merchandize train of 113 cars came down over the Northern Railroad on Monday last, fifty of them loaded with splendid and valuable mast timber from the Shaker settlement at Enfield. Some of the masts were over 100 feet in length. On the Saturday preceding, a considerable amount of the same timber went down, the freight upon which we are told was nearly \$500. (Concord Democrat.)

A Delicate Hint. A portion of the Irish Repealers have sent an address to the Queen which thus pitifully concludes:

"Our duty to your majesty, and to ourselves, compels us to declare thus openly, that the freedom of our country and the welfare of its people are of more importance in our estimation, than the security of the throne."

The people of Belfast are taking the preliminary steps for a Railroad from that town to Waterville.

A project is on foot to erect a monument of a peculiar kind to the memory of Silas Wright—to found a professorship of moral and political philosophy and history in Middlebury college, where he received his education.

STEAMER HIBERNIA left New York on Wednesday with a full complement of passengers and a large mail, and between \$450 and \$500,000 in specie. The Washington has engaged for \$150,000 to \$300,000 in specie.

It is estimated that 600,000 men will take part in the presidential election of 1848, who in 1844, were between the ages of 17 and 21.

Seventy-seven slaves are in prison in Washington, for attempting to escape.

A law exempting a homestead from sale on execution, has passed the Legislature of Michigan.

DROWSINESS, Swimming of the Head, a roaring noise in the ears, headache, palpitation of the heart, &c.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for the above unpleasant complaints, because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors which, when floating in the general mass circulation, are the cause of the rush of blood to the head, giddiness, dizziness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and many other symptoms of a loaded and corrupt state of the body.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also one of the very best medicines for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will not only remove the above unpleasant symptoms, but will most assuredly restore the body to a state of sound health.

Bearers of counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine. The safest course is, to purchase from the regular agents only, one or more of whom may be found in every village and town in the State.

The genuine for sale by CHAS. H. CROCKER, Paris Hill; Charles Durell, Oxford; Joseph H. Wardwell, Rumford; J. Blake & Co., Turner; Kimball & Creeker, Bethel; J. Coolidge, Livermore; Hiriam Himes, Hartford; Caleb Besse, Woodstock, and J. Howe, Norway.

New England Office, 128 Tremont Street, Boston.

ANOTHER SEVERE CASE OF ASTHMA IN NEW HAMPSHIRE CURED BY DR. WISTAR'S BALMS.

Such W. Fowle.—Dear Sir.—Having been for a long time troubled with Asthma in its worst form, and after having tried various remedies, all to no effect, bought of your agent, A. Royce, one bottle of the Balsam of Wild Cherry, which relieved me very much. I have continued to use the same as the disease returns upon me, and find it always relieves when nothing else will. And further, I have no doubt, could I have had the Wild Cherry in the first stages of the disease, that it would have entirely cured me—I can confidently recommend it as a very valuable medicine for all lung complaints.

HENRY AMIN ROBINSON.

New Hampton, April 6, 1848.

None genuine, unless signed L. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Ansel Field, South Paris; also by Druggists and Agents generally.

BATH, Me., May 28.

Mr. F. Brown.—Dear Sir.—Having tested the value of your Saraparilla and Tomato Bitters, I take pleasure to give to you the facts of my case for your own satisfaction and the benefit of others. I have been suffering with the Erysipelas humor in my side, causing my hand and arm to swell very much, and to be painful; at the same time, and for some time previous, have been troubled with a weak stomach; most of my food hurt me, and there has been a singular faintness at the stomach, which has been increasing, and caused me much difficulty. After I commenced taking your Bitters, I could perceive a gradual and immediate relief, and would recommend it with much confidence to those who are troubled with such complaints.

Yours truly, WM. DONNELL.

Bath, Me., May 27, 1848.

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my remarks were the result of prejudice. In those remarks I only recommended to the people of Paris to do just as Norway people have always done—to unite and assist one another; and never go to Norway after anything they can find in Paris. Norway has always practiced on this rule. Who in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, ever saw a Norway man in Paris to buy goods, or merchandise of any kind? They are so united in this that one would suppose they had taken a Free Mason's oath never to buy goods in Paris; and yet we of Paris, have left our own stores and mechanics, equally as good as those of Norway, and patronized our good neighbors to the amount of \$2,000 profit per year, for a number of years—enough to pay all our State, County and town taxes. So eager have been some of our good citizens to patronize Norway, that other of our citizens have at times been obliged to go there and buy the same things sold by some of his townsmen, at an advance of from six to twelve per cent. After all this patronage and kindness, Norway says, "Paris Hill has seen its best days and must decrease." Norway has good authority for such declarations. The old gentleman hopes these remarks will not be misconstrued or be thought to result in the least from prejudice.

Yours &c.
A CITIZEN.

A LONG TRAIN. A merchandize train of 113 cars came down over the Northern Railroad on Monday last, fifty of them loaded with splendid and valuable mast timber from the Shaker settlement at Enfield. Some of the masts were over 100 feet in length. On the Saturday preceding, a considerable amount of the same timber went down, the freight upon which we are told was nearly \$500. (Concord Democrat.)

A Delicate Hint. A portion of the Irish Repealers have sent an address to the Queen which thus pitifully concludes:

"Our duty to your majesty, and to ourselves, compels us to declare thus openly, that the freedom of our country and the welfare of its people are of more importance in our estimation, than the security of the throne."

The people of Belfast are taking the preliminary steps for a Railroad from that town to Waterville.

A project is on foot to erect a monument of a peculiar kind to the memory of Silas Wright—to found a professorship of moral and political philosophy and history in Middlebury college, where he received his education.

STEAMER HIBERNIA left New York on Wednesday with a full complement of passengers and a large mail, and between \$450 and \$500,000 in specie. The Washington has engaged for \$150,000 to \$300,000 in specie.

It is estimated that 600,000 men will take part in the presidential election of 1848, who in 1844, were between the ages of 17 and 21.

Seventy-seven slaves are in prison in Washington, for attempting to escape.

A law exempting a homestead from sale on execution, has passed the Legislature of Michigan.

DROWSINESS, Swimming of the Head, a roaring noise in the ears, headache, palpitation of the heart, &c.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for the above unpleasant complaints, because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors which, when floating in the general mass circulation, are the cause of the rush of blood to the head, giddiness, dizziness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and many other symptoms of a loaded and corrupt state of the body.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also one of the very best medicines for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will not only remove the above unpleasant symptoms, but will most assuredly restore the body to a state of sound health.

Bearers of counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine. The safest course is, to purchase from the regular agents only, one or more of whom may be found in every village and town in the State.

The genuine for sale by CHAS. H. CROCKER, Paris Hill; Charles Durell, Oxford; Joseph H. Wardwell, Rumford; J. Blake & Co., Turner; Kimball & Creeker, Bethel; J. Coolidge, Livermore; Hiriam Himes, Hartford; Caleb Besse, Woodstock, and J. Howe, Norway.

New England Office, 128 Tremont Street, Boston.

ANOTHER SEVERE CASE OF ASTHMA IN NEW HAMPSHIRE CURED BY DR. WISTAR'S BALMS.

Such W. Fowle.—Dear Sir.—Having been for a long time troubled with Asthma in its worst form, and after having tried various remedies, all to no effect, bought of your agent, A. Royce, one bottle of the Balsam of Wild Cherry, which relieved me very much. I have continued to use the same as the disease returns upon me, and find it always relieves when nothing else will. And further, I have no doubt, could I have had the Wild Cherry in the first stages of the disease, that it would have entirely cured me—I can confidently recommend it as a very valuable medicine for all lung complaints.

HENRY AMIN ROBINSON.

New Hampton, April 6, 1848.

None genuine, unless signed L. BUTTS on the wrapper.

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DRY GOODS NOT QUITE GIVEN AWAY At 90 & 92 Middle Street, Portland.

COMPETITORS STAND ASIDE FOR SMITH & ROBINSON,

WHO will open this day the LARGEST, MOST DESIRABLE, AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF DRY GOODS ever imported into this State, and will SELL THEM LOWER than any Goods which have been offered in the market this season.

ALL WOOL CASHMERE LONG SHAWLS at the low price of \$20. HEAVY SHAWLS " (warranted) " at the very lowest prices.

EDINBURGH SHAWLS, worth at wholesale by the hundred \$3.25, will sell for \$2.50.

EMBROIDERED COTTON SHAWLS, very elegant patterns.

LEAVY SILK, PRINTED CASHMERE, M. DE LAINE, NETT, MOHAIR, STRADILLA, and any nameable SHAWL.

Be sure and call on us before purchasing, as we are determined to keep up our name for selling

SHAWLS at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

All are CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT OUR NEW SHAWL ROOM and examine our assortment, whether in want of a Shawl or not.

CARPETINGS, CARPETINGS,

Just received from the Manufacturer, and Auctions, about 100 pieces—bought for CASH, and to CASH PAYING CUSTOMERS we can say, now is the time to purchase a Carpet CHEAP.

OIL CARPETINGS

OF ALL WIDTHS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN USUAL. HALLS AND ROOMS FITTED WITHOUT A SEAM.

TUFTED RUGGS, WOOL MATS, STAIR RAILS, AND CRASH,

at the present low and ruinous prices to the manufacturers.

FEATHERS, MATTRESSES, PEW CUSHIONS, UPOLSTERY.

Feathers of all sorts at the very lowest CASH PRICES. Old Feathers cleaned.

Mattresses of all kinds on hand and made to order. Old Mattresses made over, at the lowest charge.

Pow, Ship, and other Cushions made by one of the best upholsters.

Feather-Ticks on hand and made to order.

UPOLSTERY in every shape attended to with promptness and WARRANTED TO SUIT.

IN OUR LOWER STORE

May be found a PERFECT ASSORTMENT of DRY GOODS from a FOUR CENT PRINT to A TEN DOLLAR CLOTH.

SHIRTINGS, 17 to 26 cents, 12 to 25 cents, 20 to 25 cents, 2 to 17 " 60 cents, 5 to 12 " 40 cents, 8 to 10 " 46 cents, 5 to 17 " 25 cents, 18 to 25 cents, 12 to 15 " 30 cents, 10 to 12 " 35 cents, 12 to 15 " 40 cents, 10 to 12 " 45 cents, 12 to 15 " 50 cents, 10 to 12 " 55 cents, 12 to 15 " 60 cents, 10 to 12 " 65 cents, 12 to 15 " 70 cents, 10 to 12 " 75 cents, 12 to 15 " 80 cents, 10 to 12 " 85 cents, 12 to 15 " 90 cents, 10 to 12 " 95 cents, 12 to 15 " 100 cents, 10 to 12 " 105 cents, 12 to 15 " 110 cents, 10 to 12 " 115 cents, 12 to 15 " 120 cents, 10 to 12 " 125 cents, 12 to 15 " 130 cents, 10 to 12 " 135 cents, 12 to 15 " 140 cents, 10 to 12 " 145 cents, 12 to 15 " 150 cents, 10 to 12 " 155 cents, 12 to 15 " 160 cents, 10 to 12 " 165 cents, 12 to 15 " 170 cents, 10 to 12 " 175 cents, 12 to 15 " 180 cents, 10 to 12 " 185 cents, 12 to 15 " 190 cents, 10 to 12 " 195 cents, 12 to 15 " 200 cents, 10 to 12 " 205 cents, 12 to 15 " 210 cents, 10 to 12 " 215 cents, 12 to 15 " 220 cents, 10 to 12 " 225 cents, 12 to 15 " 230 cents, 10 to 12 " 235 cents, 12 to 15 " 240 cents, 10 to 12 " 245 cents, 12 to 15 " 250 cents, 10 to 12 " 255 cents, 12 to 15 " 260 cents, 10 to 12 " 265 cents, 12 to 15 " 270 cents, 10 to 12 " 275 cents, 12 to 15 " 280 cents, 10 to 12 " 285 cents, 12 to 15 " 290 cents, 10 to 12 " 295 cents, 12 to 15 " 300 cents, 10 to 12 " 305 cents, 12 to 15 " 310 cents, 10 to 12 " 315 cents, 12 to 15 " 320 cents, 10 to 12 " 325 cents, 12 to 15 " 330 cents, 10 to 12 " 335 cents, 12 to 15 " 340 cents, 10 to 12 " 345 cents, 12 to 15 " 350 cents, 10 to 12 " 355 cents, 12 to 15 " 360 cents, 10 to 12 " 365 cents, 12 to 15 " 370 cents, 10 to 12 " 375 cents, 12 to 15 " 380 cents, 10 to 12 " 385 cents, 12 to 15 " 390 cents, 10 to 12 " 395 cents, 12 to 15 " 400 cents, 10 to 12 " 405 cents, 12 to 15 " 410 cents, 10 to 12 " 415 cents, 12 to 15 " 420 cents, 10 to 12 " 425 cents, 12 to 15 " 430 cents, 10 to 12 " 435 cents, 12 to 15 " 440 cents, 10 to 12 " 445 cents, 12 to 15 " 450 cents, 10 to 12 " 455 cents, 12 to 15 " 460 cents, 10 to 12 " 465 cents, 12 to 15 " 470 cents, 10 to 12 " 475 cents, 12 to 15 " 480 cents, 10 to 12 " 485 cents, 12 to 15 " 490 cents, 10 to 12 " 495 cents, 12 to 15 " 500 cents, 10 to 12 " 505 cents, 12 to 15 " 510 cents, 10 to 12 " 515 cents, 12 to 15 " 520 cents, 10 to 12 " 525 cents, 12 to 15 " 530 cents, 10 to 12 " 535 cents, 12 to 15 " 540 cents, 10 to 12 " 545 cents, 12 to 15 " 550 cents, 10 to 12 " 555 cents, 12 to 15 " 560 cents, 10 to 12 " 565 cents, 12 to 15 " 570 cents, 10 to 12 " 575 cents, 12 to 15 " 580 cents, 10 to 12 " 585 cents, 12 to 15 " 590 cents, 10 to 12 " 595 cents, 12 to 15 " 600 cents, 10 to 12 " 605 cents, 12 to 15 " 610 cents, 10 to 12 " 615 cents, 12 to 15 " 620 cents, 10 to 12 " 625 cents, 12 to 15 " 630 cents, 10 to 12 " 635 cents, 12 to 15 " 640 cents, 10 to 12 " 645 cents, 12 to 15 " 650 cents, 10 to 12 " 655 cents, 12 to 15 " 660 cents, 10 to 12 " 665 cents, 12 to 15 " 670 cents, 10 to 12 " 675 cents, 12 to 15 " 680 cents, 10 to 12 " 685 cents, 12 to 15 " 690 cents, 10 to 12 " 695 cents, 12 to 15 " 700 cents, 10 to 12 " 705 cents, 12 to 15 " 710 cents, 10 to 12 " 715 cents, 12 to 15 " 720 cents, 10 to 12 " 725 cents, 12 to 15 " 730

